

i am about to die

by FabledWarrior

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Summary: well, this is a one shot about someone (and I'm not saying who it is) finally getting captured and is awaiting their death sentence. A tiny bit of a pairing if you squint. hope you like it and please r&r

i am about to die

it's a really sad story but it's written entirely in someone's perspective. guess who.

all characters belong to mark walden (unfortunatly)

I am about to die; I never thought it would end this way. I'd always evaded
>death, but this time was different; I would get no salvation here, no second

chance. No burst of sudden energy. I was spent. I could do no more.

I
>glance down at my watch. 5 minutes, until the end, until I die. In some ways,
I'm embracing death, like a fashionably late friend, a book long overdue. And I
>am absolutely terrified about the whole thing. After all, it's not above an
assassin to fear death, even though they dish it out with relish?
>I close my
eyes and try to slow my breathing and the beating of my heart as the man in
>black come to collect me and leads me away at gun point | I will not cry | I do
not filch when he binds me to the wooden post in the fenced off area, tying my
>hands behind me; the knots were so tight they were cutting into my wrist; my
hands felt wet and sticky with blood. No doubt rumour of my strength has reached
>his ears.<p>

The only time my eyes open- and it's only briefly- is when the

>first note of Big Ben's tune is played, and the time of my execution is almost
>upon me. I cannot help thinking, "which shot will it be? Will it be a quick

>painless one I don't even see, or the big brutal one up front?"
>These

>thoughts fly through my head as my hidden radio in my ear crackles to life and
>his voice comes through. "They're here, standby for retrieval."

>I smile as
>Big Ben's tune finishes and the first mournful toll sounds, as if it knows about

>the execution, as if it's going to be broadcasted to the clock tower as well as
>to every citizen's TV in the world. I speak; my voice a little more than a

>strained whisper, "I'll meet them in hell, just as I'll meet you again there
>some day."

>"I love you Max."
>The last strike, the 12th strike, the time

>has come.
>I hear- and see- everything; the click of rifles as they click off

>the safety, the barrels raised.
>"Ready!" the lead gunman's voice echoes in

>the early noon time. Finally, finally, a tear rolls down my cheek.
>I breathed

>deeply repeatedly, wanting to inhale the last smells around me.
>"On my

>mark!"
>"Goodbye Max." the goodbye, the voice of farewell gets stuck in my

>throat as more tears spill down my cheeks in a waterfall. I remember the tune he
>played for me. Every tear drop is a water fall.

>I clench my hands tight, grip my teeth and squeeze my eyes shut tight.

>"Natalya, NO!"
>"Mark!"

>The
>thunderous band, the muzzles flash as one and a thousand bullets fly towards me.

>There fleshy thuds and all went silent.

The Raven had flown...

hope you liked it. if you didn't guess, it was from ravne's perspective. please r&r. thanks

End
file.